

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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PEACE? YES, MR HITLER

The World Shall Have It

THE Looter of Europe calls for Peace, and the best news we can think of is that it is on the way. It will be the Peace that will bring the Nazis to the dust.

Far back in the mists of time stands a Cross, dividing Darkness from Light. At the foot of that Cross men have pledged their faith and laid their sorrows; they have bowed in grief and lifted up their hearts in strength.

And now the English-speaking peoples face their Calvary, for the testing of our race has come. We fling all we have in the balances, our purest blood, our bravest men; the hopes and dreams of all our lives; the money we had saved and the money we were going to save; the things we were putting by for our children; the businesses we were building up for our sons—we give them all, for upon us is laid the saving of the liberties of the world.

Citadel of Liberty

Upon our race! The lives, the souls, the hopes and dreams and liberties of all the human multitude, upon our race! Except for us there is no other citadel of liberty that will save mankind. We have set our seal that we will keep faith with those who died for us.

We fight on the battlefields of peace with the invisible hosts of heaven on our side. We fight for things eternal against the cruel power of steel. We fight to sustain the imperishable spirit of man upon the earth. Had Europe submitted to the military despotisms, said Professor Gilbert Murray in the Great War, it would have saved millions of lives, tons of treasure, and oceans of suffering, but it would have meant a greater evil to mankind than any such measurable losses, for it would have meant that the spirit of man was dead. We fight to keep that spirit alive.

Right Has Always Won

Out of the depths of the universe comes the strength of those who fight for things like these. They pass through the fires, but the armour of faith will save them. Darkness and

fear encompass them, but the stars in their courses beckon them on. Storm and tempest rage about them, but the Everlasting Arms will hold them up.

All through history men have seen it; all down the years the vision has been there and the invisible allies have not failed mankind. The dreams of men have great allies; their friends are "exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind." In the great conflicts of might against right, right has always won.

Twelve Simple Men

Greece wrung her power from slavery and slavery sapped her strength. Rome ruled the world, but she neglected her children and died of luxury and disease. Christianity, left in the hands of twelve simple men, with followers hunted like criminals and hiding like moles, was threatened with extinction by the greatest power in the ancient world; but its enemies are scattered in oblivion and the followers of Christianity since then have been in number as the stars. Spain swayed Europe with terror, and her pitiless Armada was broken by invisible hosts. A boatful of exiles believing in God beat down tyranny and founded the United States. We threw down Napoleon though it took us twenty years; William Lloyd Garrison threw down slavery though it took him sixty years; and the revolt of man against slavery has beaten every empire that built up power with it.

The Invisible Powers

In the war between the visible and invisible powers the invisible always win. The history of humanity, it has been said, is a battle between ideas and interests, and the interests always win for a moment, but in the long run the ideas.

We shall overcome the powers of evil when we trust in the powers of good; we shall be strong to victory when, clean and true and purified, we lay our cause and purposes bound

by gold chains around the Throne of God. Some trust in chariots, some trust in horses, but as for those who win immortal victories, their trust is in the Living God.

He who has brought us out of terrible darkness into noon-day light, who sways the heavens and guides the world and loves a little child, will not leave us now. Storm and thunder, earthquake and volcano, they all precede the calm.

A Christian Peace

Once before in the history of the world the extremes of Peace and Force have met, and it was "not this Man, but Barabbas." But the invisible forces were weaving on the loom of time, and the spirit men rejected is the warp and weft of the foundations of the world. They can never be shattered or broken, for they are one with the eternal powers.

In the beginning God said,
Let there be Light.

In our day Man may say,
Let there be Peace.

But it will be no pagan voice of Nazism that will declare the Peace. It will be declared to the world by the British Empire the German hordes are threatening with extinction. We wait for the day with the quietness and confidence in which is our strength, knowing that never since the world began has a foul thing over-run the earth. **Arthur Mee**

I MUST BE MARCHING

I WILL . . . keeping the fore-door of this nation close-shut, bend all powers to defend the back door . . . provided I can but make choice of able and trusty men to secure the ports, towns, and inland garrisons, without revolts or treachery. And this will be easily done, considering the men and moneys we have at our pleasure. I tell you, brethren, our thousand shall slay their ten thousands and in a short time make them a miserable little people, and at length root them out from the face of the earth. . . . But the time is spent, and I must be marching.

Cromwell

ROAD OF 1000 WONDERS

To the City of Arabian Nights

A REMARKABLE new way about the world has been finished with the world at war. The long-planned Baghdad Railway has been completed and passenger trains are running from the Bosphorus to the city of the Arabian Nights.

Thus the railway begun with much gusto by the Kaiser's Germany is made at last, and finished by British engineers with rolling stock and rails fashioned by British workmen.

When peace comes to Europe it will be possible to enter a train at Calais and leave it at Istanbul to be ferried across the Bosphorus to Scutari, where the Baghdad express will be waiting to steam across the mountains of Asia Minor and down the valley of the Tigris. From Calais to Baghdad will take only six days, and India will be brought nearer to us, for there is a narrow-gauge railway from Baghdad to Basra on the Persian Gulf, down which steamers will quickly bring the passenger to Karachi.

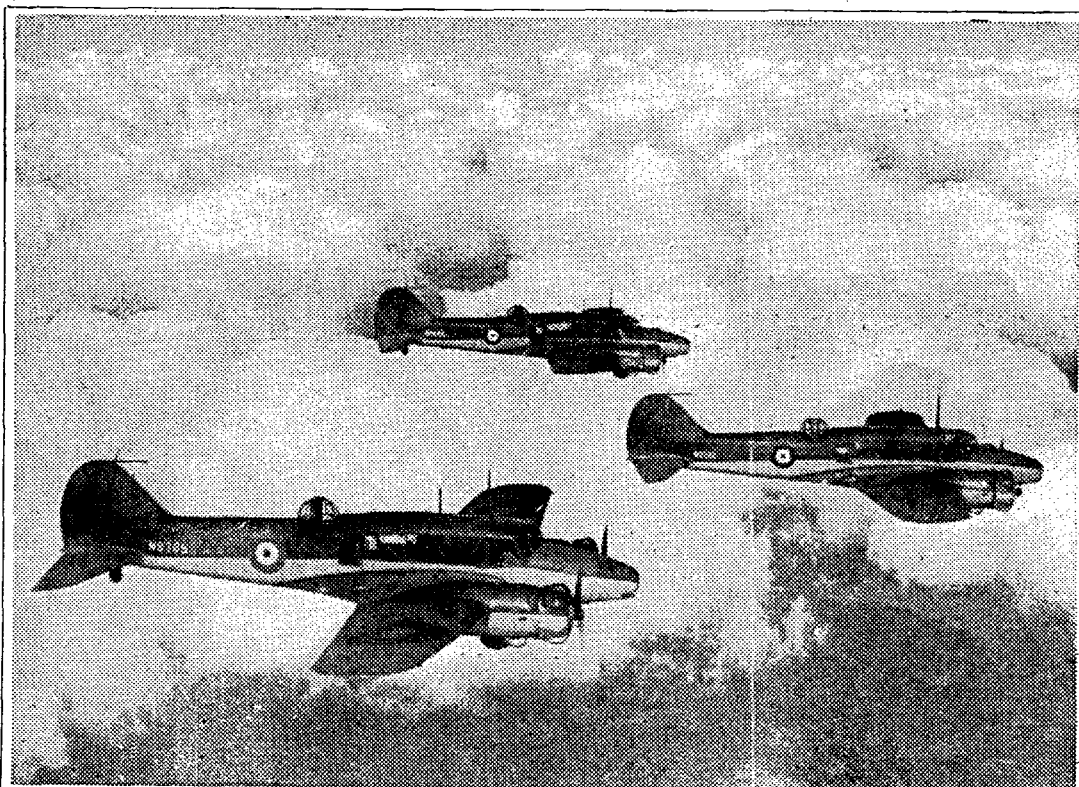
The romantic past lies close to these railways, for when the train halts at Mosul, the first big town in Iraq, the traveller will be close to Nineveh, where Hammurabi restored a temple 4000 years ago and Sennacherib 1000 years later built a majestic palace. Twenty miles south the railway passes Nimrud (now a mound of ruins), Asshur, and other buried cities of the Assyrian Empire, and the Baghdad-Basra railway passes Ur, which was old in the days of Abraham.

During the Great War British prisoners captured in the Mesopotamian campaign were set to work on the section of the line which crosses the Taurus Mountains in Cilicia to carry it down to Adana, where it is linked with a branch to the seaport of Tarsus, the birthplace of St Paul. From Adana the railway runs east and forms the boundary of Syria, which it eventually crosses at Nisibin.

It is from here that the newly-opened sector has been constructed by British contractors at a cost of £3,250,000. Half a million cubic yards of rock were excavated, but only one tunnel, a little over half a mile long, was bored. The task was a formidable one because in the upper reaches of the River Tigris deep cuttings had to be made through limestone rocks, while in the lower reaches the railway had to be carried on embankments across regions liable to flooding.

So Baghdad now has its railway. Haroun-al-Raschid never dreamed of it; it was beyond the wonder of all his Arabian Nights. But the Kaiser's Germany dreamed of it; it was a strategic route by which that despot saw visions of conquest in the East.

Now this piece of German war-planning, planned before the last war to break up Europe, has been finished in the midst of one more German plot against the world, and finished by the engineers of the nation which will finish German wars for ever.



THE GUARDIANS OF THE ISLAND

ROOSEVELT THREE TIMES

A President Without a Precedent

AMERICA has done a bold thing, unprecedented in her history, by accepting a third nomination of Mr Roosevelt for the Presidency.

In many ways her hands are tied by the reluctance of the nation to break out of its long-trodden political paths, and only the grave crisis in world affairs has made it possible now. Mr Roosevelt, Democrat, has got against him Mr Willkie, Republican, and both men are in fullest sympathy with us in the war against Tyranny.

With governments and constitutions being overthrown in Europe, Americans have been seriously concerned about any change in the forms and traditions of government which they have built up. No nation is more conservative than the great modern republic; and one of the things extremely unpopular there is the creation of new precedents where the Presidency is concerned.

A third term as President is a subject of real importance to the upholders of the democratic tradition of the United States, for no President has ever stood for a third term and not many have been elected twice.

George Washington's Idea

Altogether America has had 32 Presidents, and only eight have enjoyed a second term of office. In every case there has been a suggestion that the man who has served the eight years should stand for the third time, but either the man himself, his party leaders, or Congress has declared against it.

It was the attitude of George Washington himself toward a third term that influenced all his successors, as undoubtedly he intended it should.

As an explanation of the American citizen's attitude in this matter

the delicate balance of the Constitution must be remembered. The Republic came into existence owing to the obstinacy of George the Third, a king whose German mother trained him to be a king of the older type, dominating domestic and foreign politics, rather than of the constitutional type. No ruler of George the Third's type was to be permitted to attain overwhelming power in the new American States, and strict limits were therefore imposed on the powers of the chief man in the Republic.

The Roman Consuls

The Romans of old had the same problem to solve after they had overthrown their tyrannous King Tarquin. They chose two rulers, the consuls, who were to share power for one year; and neither could be elected again to the office for ten years. It is true that the Senate could call on the consuls to appoint a Dictator in time of war, their decree containing the formula, "Let the consuls look to it that the Republic take no harm"; but the Dictator's supremacy was limited to six months, a period which was not exceeded until 300 years had passed, when first Sulla and then Julius Caesar, both masters of war and statecraft, revolutionised the Constitution, and the control of the army led to the imperial system with its denial of free institutions.

George Washington, statesman as well as soldier, realised the dangers of this in a new group of States, and used his powerful influence to spread responsible government over as wide a field as possible. He became a simple citizen after eight years as President and set an example which has been followed to this day, being broken for the first time by Mr Roosevelt's third nomination.

One of the Fine Spirits of Our Race Goes On

*Some men, they say,
Strew rags about the shrine
Whereat they pray,
Having naught else to give.
Thus, all of mine,
Each hope wherein I live,
I bring at last to you.*

*Dear, on my knees
I bring another failure;
In your hands
I lay this gift.*

So Kingsley Fairbridge wrote in the book of his life at 25, but indeed his life was not a failure; we doubt if anything he ever did was a failure.

Today the Fairbridge Homes are one of the helpful institutions of the Empire, and we rejoice to see that a week or two ago a man went into the Fairbridge office in London and

laid down £500 to pay expenses of sending out a party of boys to the Fairbridge Farms school in Canada.

The sturdy lumbermen of British Columbia have also begged to be allowed to build a hospital at the Fairbridge Farm at Vancouver Island which would enable the farm to take in an extra 56 children from this country. These lumbermen have also undertaken to guarantee £30 a year for each of 30 children during the war.

We see that the spirit of Kingsley Fairbridge goes on; his mind grows into the future and creates the warp and woof of life for generations to come. He was a Rhodes Scholar who dreamed of sending our slum children to the wide spaces of the Empire, and his memory is one of the rare possessions of our race.

A Medway Bridge For Hitler

If the chance to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done, surely the chance to do good deeds should make good deeds done.

The CN has many times called attention to the derelict railway bridge which disgraces the Medway at the entrance to the incomparable city of Rochester, and we are convinced that the new opportunity that has just arisen need only be mentioned to the Southern

Railway to have the bridge pulled down and its iron sent to the Victory Dump.

We feel certain that the M.P. for Rochester, with the support of the Dean, and Lord Rochester, and all the good people of the city, will call the attention of the Minister of Supply to the fact that the bridge in any case now belongs to him and that he can take it down whenever he wishes.

CANADIAN HEROES

The Boys Brigade Cross of Heroism has been awarded to two lads of London in Ontario, Donald Evans and Donald Blaney, who rescued a man who had fallen through the ice on a frozen river.

Lifeboats at Dunkirk

The Lifeboat Institution has declined Government payment for the services of its lifeboats in the evacuation of Dunkirk. The Hythe lifeboat was lost; and the cost of repairs and awards is £2000.

Little News Reels

The three Baltic States of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia have decided to join Russia and are now Soviet Republics.

Kipling's old home and garden at Burwash in Sussex are now open to the public every afternoon.

Nearly 80,000 Italians are now working in German factories.

About £100,000 has now been sent to the Canadian Government as free-will gifts for the war, mostly from poor people.

Finland has now destroyed the forts on the Aaland Islands.

The German tank and field guns in the park at Hyde, Cheshire, are being broken up for return to Germany in another form.

So far children in America have contributed more than 14 million pennies during the Children's Crusade to help boys and girls in the war zones.

London Transport is to use thinner tickets, thus saving 450 tons of paper in a year.

Twenty tons of grass from London Transport's railway embankments are being dried and stacked as horse fodder for next winter.

Ornamental lamp standards are being removed from the grounds of Windsor Castle for scrap.

Among the aluminium collected by the Women's Voluntary Service from Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Sandringham was a box containing pieces from the little house given by Wales to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

Tenants of Swanscombe council houses who have been called up are to have their gardens kept clean and free from weeds by the council.

Four tons of wire were used to stitch the first issue of ration books.

A refugee from Germany has sent his Iron Cross to the Ministry of Supply as a contribution to the Scrap Iron Heap.

Argentine stockbreeders' gifts to British soldiers now amount to 5000 head of cattle. Each quarter of beef is labelled "A gift from Argentine stockbreeders. Good luck."

Britain has arranged to buy 78,400,000 pounds of Canadian cheese manufactured up to the end of November.

Canada produced silver worth more than £2,000,000 last year.

Guide and Scout News Reel

A pack of Westminster Brownies have given their aluminium tea-tray and tea-set to help to swell the nation's supply of the metal.

In four days Glasgow Guides put 50,000 aluminium pots and pans out of action to prevent their further use.

Essex Guides who adopted the submarine Shark at the outbreak of war are now adopting the family of every sailor lost in the submarine.

A Boys Mission School, the gift of Danish Boy Scouts, was opened at Nebk in Syria on the eve of the German invasion of Denmark.

Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, who is India's Chief Scout, has been awarded the Silver Wolf, the highest Scout decoration.

A British officer in the evacuation of Paris says that a certain station was in a state of indescribable confusion when a troop of Scouts arrived. They took over the station, establishing an inquiry bureau, and produced order out of chaos.

INDEX OF IDEAS

We live so fast, and so much happens in so short a time, that it is impossible for us to follow all the ideas we are asked to consider every day. Here are a few we have picked up this week.

CANON SHIRLEY, Headmaster of King's School, Canterbury, points out that the refugee spirit is fatal to victory; our boys and girls who must build up the new world should experience something of the critical time of that new world's birth.

SIR ERNEST BENN asks us to consider the serious fact that, with £100,000,000 a year added to wages, new taxes are drying up the source from which wages are paid.

MR ROOSEVELT ridicules the Nazi idea of giving security by efficiency; that kind of security the slaves who built the Pyramids had.

A FINANCIAL expert has pointed out once more that it is impossible for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to raise the money he needs by taxing only those with incomes above £5 a week.

THE Headmaster of Tonbridge School points out that, while many public school boys are willing to help on farms, it appears that the farmers hesitate to make use of them.

MR JUSTICE ATKINSON thinks it ought to be impossible for publicans, for their own gain, to go on selling soldiers drink after drink and then turning them out useless as soldiers and a danger to the community.

Trying to End the Far East War

THE war in the Far East drags on in its fourth year, but an undertaking by Japan to make an effort to reach agreement with China has been balanced by the consent of our own Government to the closing of the Burma Road to arms traffic for three months.

This is the wonderful road constructed with amazing speed by the Chinese when the Japanese closed the Chinese seaports. Her front doors being closed, China had to manage with back doors through Indo-China, Burma, and Russia for her trade.

On our part we have been very reluctant to restrict the trade of China, for the Chinese, like ourselves, are resisting an aggressor. America also has criticised our action in closing the road, but she has not herself taken very strong measures to help China, and is even trading in armaments with Japan.

As Mr Churchill said, we are ourselves engaged in a life-and-death struggle, and both time and a relief of tension are necessary for us to meet our obligations in the Far

THE idea has been expressed in Parliament that, though meat has no great food value, it has a great psychological value; people like it, and it makes them happy.

AN influential writer in America, discussing the Pan-American Conference, declares that South American eyes are now fixed on the White Cliffs of Dover.

STEPS are being taken to satisfy the public's desire for white bread, rather than brown, by introducing into white bread the vitamin which is so valuable in wholemeal bread.

THE Minister of Labour is wondering whether it may be practicable to pay conscientious objectors who keep their posts in public services the same rate of wages as fits the soldier's standard of living, the difference going into some central fund.

THE idea that too much work is bad for output is being recognised in the factories; and plans are being made to keep up the Seven-Days Week while giving ample rest to workers.

GENERAL FRANCO has expressed the idea that the aim of the Spanish war is not finished, for "there remains Spain's duty and mission—the mandate of Gibraltar and African expansion."

East. These obligations, he declared, are the preservation of the status and integrity of China, with a revision of treaties which will give her full equality. He added that we wished to see Japan attain that state of prosperity which will ensure to her the welfare and economic security which every Japanese naturally desires.

Arms are not to be imported into China through Hong-Kong, so on our part we are doing what we can to bring an end to this war, reserving our right to open the Burma Road in three months' time if Japan does not play the game.

It is good news that Japan, through her Prime Minister, has sent a message of goodwill to the people of Australia, a striking message which says:

With the world divided into two opposing camps, a cultural understanding, as the way to lasting peace and the common prosperity of Australia and Japan, two vital dynamic countries in the Pacific, could do much to foster the cause of universal enlightenment.

The Right Work For the Aeroplane

A new era opened up for Alaskans the other day when a 20-ton Clipper zoomed into Juneau, the territorial capital.

It was the first mail flight from Seattle, 942 miles away, and letters had been posted in New York only two days earlier. Before that letters from the "outside" took a month by steamer and dog teams.

These Pan-American airliners, which carry 32 passengers, are the final link of an air transport system extending from the Arctic Circle to Buenos Aires, the realisation of the dreams of pioneers who have been urging for years that only the aeroplane would open up this vast territory.

Lost and Found

Not long ago two little girls visiting the British Museum with a party lost touch with their friends. They were many miles from home but did not lose their heads.

Finding that they had twopence between them, they went into a telephone box and telephoned Scotland Yard. "Stay where you are," answered the sergeant who took the message, "and we will pick you up."

They took his advice and were soon safe at home.

THINGS SEEN

Twenty glowworms together in Sussex, a rare sight.

A Monmouth beekeeper playing a fiddle to his bees.

A child putting a toy scooter on a cart collecting scrap iron.

Tommy & His Canaries

WE have heard some curious stories of animals that escaped the Nazis at Dunkirk. It was not the B.E.F. alone that got away.

With them were three canaries which are now singing blithely in the west of England. It happened in this way.

A Tommy was hailed by a Belgian refugee who asked him to take care of a big cage containing three canaries.

"Whatever have you got there?" exclaimed his officer as he spotted the soldier wading through the surf to a rescue boat. The overburdened soldier replied that he had promised to take care of the birds.

"Well, stick to them if you can," said the officer.

Once on board the rescue ship Tommy took off his soaked uniform and lay down to snatch a bit of sleep, but not for long, for a bomb struck the ship and he was dragged on board a destroyer, still clinging to his cage.

We have no doubt that his officer still laughs at the memory of this man, clad only in a steel helmet and a clinging shirt, but refusing to let the cage go. The birds' feathers were blackened by the fumes and dust of bombs, an odd contrast with the soldier's bare white legs as he stood undaunted on the deck of the warship. We have no doubt the soldier himself laughs as he thinks of it. But we have no doubt, either, that somewhere in the Book of Noble Things there is a page which tells the gallant tale of Tommy and his birds.

DUTCH WILLIAM ON HIS HORSE

Our Dutch friends now in London can get a closer view of Dutch William on his war horse in St James's Square than Londoners have enjoyed for many years.

The railings and the closed gates have long shut in the Prince of Orange, and he has looked rather distant and solitary in the shade of the plane trees in the beautiful square; but now the gates are opened, and anyone can go in to pay respects to the soldier-statesman who became our king when the last of the Stuart kings ran away. It is good to go up to salute him, for in his day he stood up against a European tyranny, as we are all doing now.

CARRY YOUR CARD

It is still not sufficiently known that it is a legal duty always to carry one's Identity Card. At any moment it may be demanded by a policeman or sentry, and the fine for not producing it is high, £50. This does not apply to boys and girls under sixteen.

It is, of course, a duty cheerfully to obey the law in this matter.

Indeed, there is much to be said for identity cards in peace. It is a great convenience to honest people to be able to prove their identity by an official name ticket, which is so easily carried. The identity card system is a menace only to wrong-doers, and in peace it would be a valuable preventive of crime.

TALE OF A LADY'S BAG

Mrs A. E. Edgecombe of Adelaide was greatly mystified on receiving a parcel from her bankers in London the other day, for in it was her purse, which she had lost on the Athenia early in the war.

The handbag had floated for three weeks in the Atlantic, had then been picked up by a trawler, and was taken to the Orkney Islands. As it contained Mrs Edgecombe's passport and other papers, the bag was sent to her bankers, and then across the world to its Australian owner.

QUICK WORK

There was intense activity outside a rambling two-storey house in Memphis, Tennessee, the other day.

The city was having a clean-up week, and a hundred house-painters decided to give an exhibition of their prowess. An audience of 5000 cheered loud and long as the painters, swarming over dozens of scaffolds, warmed up to their job and gave the building a new coat of paint in the record time of 8 minutes and 30 seconds.

CAUTION

A motorist in Yorkshire was anxious to get to Leeds, but, the signposts being down, he did not know which of three roads to take. A farm labourer came in sight, and the motorist asked, "Which way do I take for Leeds?"

The labourer reflected a moment, and then said:

If they'd wanted thee to know t' road to Leeds they wouldn't have taken t' signposts down.



FOR HITLER'S GOOSE Pots and pans and other aluminium utensils piling up at the reception centre near London of the Ministry of Aircraft Production

BILLIONS OF WEEDS

Before the war someone said that we were Weed Millionaires. This reproach meant that we were wasting millions of pounds by leaving billions of weeds to out valuable crops.

Now, in war, weeds are rampant. Ragwort, creeping thistle, docks, bracken, and other perennial weeds monopolise what ought to be flourishing acres of corn or roots or pasture. There are plenty of unemployed and well-disposed schoolboys to cut the weeds, but how is the hard-pressed farmer, short of labour, to get at them? The Ministry of Agriculture might well instruct the local War Agricultural Committees to organise such labour and supply funds for the task. And why not go farther and supply funds and labour to tackle all wasted land, whatever the cause of the waste?

THE WALLET

It seems that a soldier from Leeds lost his wallet on the Dunkirk dunes. He lost almost everything else also, but he had cared about the wallet more than the rest and was sorry to sail without it.

Private Finned of the Cheshire Regiment happened to pick it up, brought it to England, fell in with three B.E.F. men returning to Yorkshire, and asked them to deliver the wallet at the right address in Leeds. They did so.

THE LITTLE SINGER

We read of a little girl of six who was nursing her doll and singing during an air-raid. And what did you do when you heard the bang? she was asked. "I just went on singing," she said.

HE CAN NEITHER SEE NOR HEAR NOR SPEAK

There is a boy, Leonard Dowding, 12 years old, who is following in the footsteps of Helen Keller. Like her, he is deaf and dumb and blind. Like her, he has learnt to read and write and to understand what is said to him. Helen Keller listens by putting her fingers against the nose, lip, and chin of a speaker. Leonard can interpret the vibrations of the cheek or neck of a speaker. Almost impossible as this may seem, he has taught the same lore to his child friend Carmela Otis, who is another of the prize pupils at the Bell Institute for teaching Deaf and Dumb Children in Massachusetts. The institute was founded by Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, who was deaf himself.

TWO LIVES

Two little girls, aged eight and eleven, were knocked down and killed by a motorist on the Sidcup bypass. Their parents brought an action for damages, and the father of the eight-year-old girl was awarded £600 and the parent of the eleven-year-old £700.

FAITH

We hear of a staff officer entering the War Office on one of the blackest days of the war (the day on which we learnt that our troops in France might all be lost) who was stopped by two old folk from the country, both looking anxious, though the man resolutely but very nervously asked: "Excuse me, sir, but has our Bill any chance?"

This Very Kind World

A correspondent in our Far North (Northumberland) sends us this true story of our Southern troops.

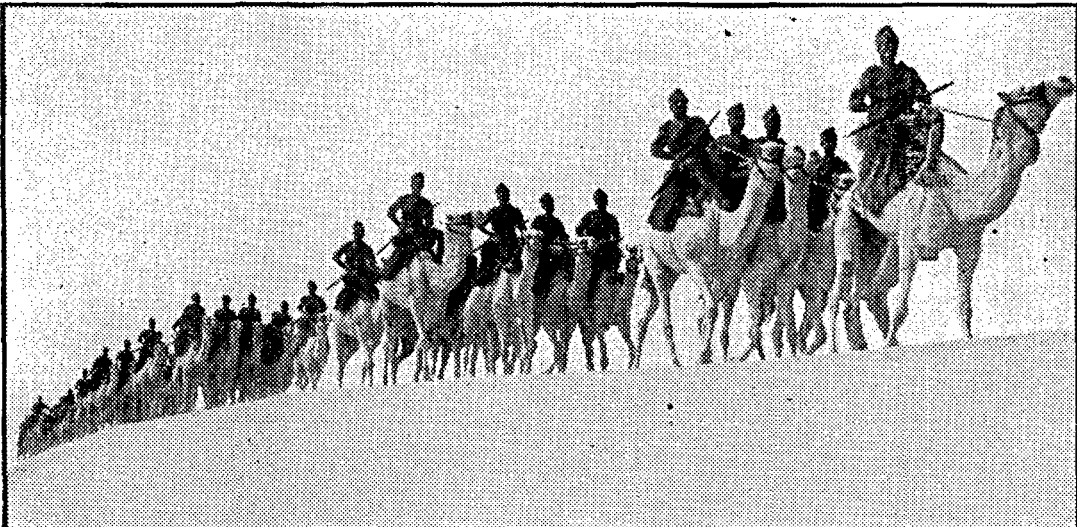
A PARTY of about 20 Southern troops was proceeding northwards, when early in the morning they reached a stretch of road well known to motorists on the way to Scotland.

It was a sharp morning, and they were cold and hungry. They thought they would ask a roadside farmer if they could come in to get warm, and if they could buy a loaf of bread and a little butter.

The farmer gladly told them to come to the fire, and to use all the chairs, and then squat on the floor. He asked if they could wait an hour, and they answered Yes. In much less than that time the farmer and his good wife produced a hot breakfast of an egg and a rasher of home-fed bacon for every man.

When the time came to carry on the men felt that they should pay the farmer for his hospitality, but his reply was short. "I only invite people to my hearth as guests," he said.

Not one of these soldiers had been to the North of England before, and they had shared the popular misconception that the people are as cold as the climate can sometimes be. What a lovely introduction was theirs! As a Northerner, our correspondent says he is proud to tell the story.



DESERT PATROL

Troops of a native camel corps in North Africa who are carrying on the war for freedom against Mussolini's Libyan forces

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Friendly Feeling

A LANCASHIRE correspondent writes to tell us that in the north the people are taking things splendidly.

There is no sign of panic, he says; they go to the shelters quietly and quickly. In some places Street Mutual Aid Committees have been formed to bring neighbours together. People are more friendly, and barriers break down. It is surprising to see how many people go to the aid of the infirm and the blind when the raid warnings are given.

Careless Talk

I WILL keep my mouth as it were with a bridle while the ungodly is in my sight. I held my tongue and spake nothing; I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me. Psalm 39

Nine Votes That Might Have Changed the World

ALL the world knows now the tremendous consequences that may hang on one man's decision.

We have seen one man leading 80,000,000 slaves in a cruel march across Europe. We have seen one man betray the Belgian people. We have seen one man hand France bound and helpless to its enemies. Never again can the world doubt the power of a single man.

At such a time as this it is interesting to recall the remarkable fact that it was by the opinions of less than a dozen men in the United States that America withdrew from the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations. A change of nine votes in the Senate would have ratified the Treaty and might have changed the entire course of human history.

SPORTING

WE hear of a working man who was being served in a public-house in Birmingham when the landlord remarked that the war news was none too good.

The man answered, "Oh, I don't know. After all, it's the Final, and we're playing it on our Home Ground."

Under the Editor's Table

HARROW boys are giving up their silk hats. Peter Puck Wants to Know Don't require a nap.

THE nature of a sling can easily be detected, we are told. We may be sure it is ill-natured.

GOATS are in great demand, says a writer, but they need grassland. We thought there was a butt in it.

MANY Americans are still to be found in London. Lost in the Blackout?

EGGS are short. They passed an opinion never would go round. If the boy who went back for it



WESTMINSTER is not permitted to have blue lights for its air-raid shelters. So it feels blue.

LITTLE things mean so much nowadays, says a writer. And cost so much.

A GIRL on war work says she wants to play tennis badly. We find it easy.

Cows are feeding on cricket pitches. Soon we'll have sheep runs.

FIREWORKS have to be surrendered to the police. And won't be let off.

WE HAVE BEEN SLOW

One of our correspondents looks at our slowness in this way.

It has been said that all along we have been too slow. Some have been ready to declare that from the first we should have been quick to bind Hitler rather than to let him stagger the world with this savage display of inhumanity.

Probably there is some justification for these, but is not the fact of our tardiness in some way the clear proof of our moral strength? Our failures are surely tributes to the peoples of the Empire. Hitler's successes can scarcely be said to redound to his glory, while our failures do point to the fact that we have been too gentlemanly. If Hitler has carried all before him it has been largely because we have been incapable of imagining such foulness.

By comparison with the Prussian element in Germany, kindled to fierce enmity by the foul breath of the Nazis, the British are not now a warlike race. We have been so in the past, but the centuries have been civilising us. It is true that we can fight under provocation, and fight magnificently; but we are not born with the desire for war. We love peace and covet the things that belong to peace. If we have been slow in measuring up Hitler and his Nazis it is to be deplored, but is scarcely culpable, for it means that somehow we could not believe in the existence of such contemptible things. It means that, having no such cruelty in our hearts, we found it hard to impute it to our enemies.

Our slowness in recognising the true colours of the enemy has had disastrous results, yet we need not be ashamed that we have been slow. No doubt the thief quickly recognises the thief, but a gentleman is often slow to see that a man is a bully.

We know the truth now. We are recognising all the Nazi creed implies. We are roused to give battle against this beastly thing which is polluting the earth, and it is doomed.

BE OF GOOD CHEER

A FEW Sundays ago we listened with some hundreds of orphaned boys, who when they leave school will mostly go to sea, to what their headmaster had to say to them about Courage. Courage was something more than not being afraid, he said, and he told them this story.

In the last war there was a very young officer only just out at the Front, who found himself and his small platoon faced with an imminent attack by a much bigger force of the enemy. He did not feel at all happy; rather the contrary. But, turning to look at the sergeant by his side, a veteran with faded ribbons on his chest telling of past battles, he saw that the old soldier was ashy pale. "Why!" he exclaimed, "are you afraid?"

"Of course I am, sir," was the reply, "of course I am; but what of it?"

Courage, the officer learned and the soldier knew, was keeping up your heart and going on when you are afraid.

The Right Spirit



A windowful of smiling faces at Lymm in Cheshire, the new home of young refugees from Guernsey, Channel Islands

Echoes of Hampden & Cromwell

THE new powers of the Government to set up new courts in time of great danger have been keenly discussed in Parliament, and the debate was like an echo of the days of John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell. It must all seem very odd to Hitler, Himmler, Hess, and Co.

Not for German slaves is it to discuss and vote on proposals concerning their liberty and privilege; a wry face may mean the torture of the concentration camp; even the mildest resistance may bring down on them the Gestapo and the firing squad. We have something they do not understand; in the enjoyment of our rights we are three centuries ahead of them.

In the debates arising out of the new proposals the student caught echoes of the voices of Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, and Eliot, who were among the champions of public rights and liberties against Charles Stuart, our 17th-century Hitler.

Making himself Dictator, Charles imposed a loan without Parliamentary sanction and imprisoned (even exiled into slavery) all who opposed this lawless payment. He billeted his unpaid soldiers up and down the country and made the people pay for the entertainment of the guests thus forced upon their homes.

The starving soldiers robbed and murdered their hosts; they formed themselves into companies and

pillaged the countryside, firing the ricks, barns, and thatched roofs of those who resisted. Men dared not go to church on Sundays lest their homes should be ravaged in their absence; and entire areas were silent, with the population hiding.

Appeal to the tribunals set up were useless, for in all that concerned military matters the judges were Royalist officers, who hanged on principle, or, as in some cases, because they did not understand the dialect of men called on to plead.

We are to have tribunals to deal with offences in war zones for which the death penalty may be imposed, but those who try the cases will be civilians, and where the extreme penalty is imposed the accused may appeal to the Home Secretary.

Thousands of our homes may have to include billeted soldiers as winter approaches, but it will be a policeman, who knows the house and its circumstances who will make the arrangements; and every soldier so housed, private or officer, will be paid for by the Government.

These were the liberties that were secured for us by Cromwell and our Puritan heroes. They were embodied in the Petition of Rights, as much part of the foundation of our government system as Magna Carta itself. How could Hitler's myrmidons, schooled in slavery, understand such freedom and human dignity?

A New Element Lost & Found

A new element that was lost has been found again. It is heavier than uranium, which for nearly two centuries has been regarded as the heaviest of all the elements.

The story of the new element is one of the strangest in modern science. Two years ago the Italian Enrico Fermi, now a professor at Columbia University, surprised the world of science by announcing that he had found two new elements, one heavier than uranium. This discovery was first disputed and then disallowed because, as it seemed to be shown, the new heavy element

was only a variety of uranium. Many elements have these varieties, which are named isotopes.

But now Professor Fermi's announcement has been verified in California and Washington by independent experts, who have shown that one of his two elements can be made to act like radium, and after a short life of about half an hour commits self-destruction and turns into an element heavier than uranium, as Fermi described (and for which he received a Nobel prize). It has a very long life, probably of thousands of years.

Is the Whole Universe Exploding?

BY A SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT

While this world rocks and reels the astronomers with their great telescopes are studying other worlds, and it would seem to be true that the very Universe itself is exploding—though we need not fear, for it will last longer than Hitler.

Just before the C.N. appeared on the horizon, about 21 years ago, the astronomers were satisfied that our Milky Way, the only Universe they recognised, could be crossed by a ray of light in 30,000 years. That was an advance on a previous calculation some years before when they thought the ray of light threading its way through a thousand millions of stars would make the journey in 10,000 years. Even then the Universe as they knew it was expanding.

Probing the Milky Way

About that time the American astronomers, peering through bigger and bigger telescopes, with better and better calculating instruments, gave the Milky Way another jolt. They began closely examining some of the fuzzy patches among its stars which were not mere pin-points of light but were made up of thousands of stars, like globules in space. These clusters did not follow the main routes taken by other drifts of stars in the Milky Way, but sauntered on ways of their own like swarms of bees. There were only 69 of them, and they seemed to be coming in.

That was not the only strange thing about them. Dr Howard Shapley, of Harvard, made use of a new way of calculating the distance of these clusters, by examining and measuring the light of a particular kind of pulsating star found among them. He came to the conclusion that the light from some of them must take 36,000 years to reach us. Consequently it seemed fruitless to limit the length or breadth of the Milky Way to a journey of 30,000 years by a ray of light. Dr Shapley thought the Milky Way might be ten times as wide across as we had believed, and finally the astronomers settled that a ray of light would take about 150,000 years to cross the Milky Way at its widest and 32,000 years at its deepest.

Masses of Stars

That was the sort of Universe the astronomers offered to us about 20 years ago. But more was to come. The astronomers had to expand their ideas and measurements. Among the millions of stars and starlike objects which even a small telescope reveals are heavenly bodies which are not mere pin-points. They are more like splashes of light, some green and some white. They are nebulae, long believed to be immense masses of lighted gas inside the Milky Way, but some of them now revealed as orderly masses of stars.

Then it dawned on the astronomers that these massed stars

were not inside the limits of the Milky Way, but far outside it. They had nothing to do with the old-fashioned Universe we had been measuring and re-measuring, but were Universes by themselves—*island Universes*, as first they were called. All, or nearly all, were spiral in shape. The tremendous spiral of Andromeda set the pattern; and soon doubt gave way to certainty.

The Greater Universe

Outside our Milky Way were thousands of Universes of stars, bigger or smaller than our own. Andromeda's spiral was the nearest, and a ray of light took 950,000 years to travel from any of its stars to California, where, behind the 100-inch telescope on Mount Wilson, the astronomers had their eyes fixed on it.

The Universe was growing under their gaze, and we are inclined to think it is growing still. The picture we have now of it is not that of a single restricted Universe like our own Milky Way, but of thousands of other Universes something like it in shape and pattern, each with many millions of stars within its spiral figure, and all uniting to form the Greater Universe, of which our Milky Way is but one unit.

Some years ago Sir James Jeans made up an imaginary model of this Great Universe, on a scale of a million million miles to a foot. On that scale its tremendous dimensions might be represented by a globe as big as our Earth, but on this globe the Earth shrunk to less than a ten-millionth of an inch in diameter, and the whole Solar System could be covered by a grain of sand.

25,000 Miles a Second

Even this stupendous vision did not satisfy the astronomers. Peering ever farther and farther, calculating the light and the distances of the spiral nebulae ever more closely, the Californian astronomers now count 41,069 of these distant Universes of stars; and that is not the strangest part of the story, for all these Universes seem to be *running away from one another*, and the farther they are away from us the faster they run. One of them is moving at the speed of 25,000 miles a second!

It is admitted that there may be something misleading in what the telescopes and the light-dissecting instruments tell us. It may be that a ray of light which has taken 400 million years to reach us from the realm of the farthest star has suffered some undiscovered change on its vast journey through immensity. But if we can assume that our instruments are true we have before us the vision of an almost unlimited Universe dotted with smaller Universes, millions of millions of miles apart, and all bursting away from one another, gathering speed as they go. That is to say, they are breaking up, or, in other words, the whole Universe as we conceive it is exploding.

God Will Not Give Up His People

I HAVE as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Thomas Paine, 1776

I Have Found Such Joy

I HAVE found such joy in simple things:
A plain clean room, a nut-brown loaf of bread,
A cup of milk, a kettle as it sings,
The shelter of a roof above my head.

Oh, I have found such joy! I wish I might
Tell every woman who goes seeking far
For some elusive, feverish delight
That very close to home the great joys are. Grace Noll Crowell

HE SHALL BE BROKEN

WHEN the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up; and his power shall be mighty. . . . He shall destroy wonderfully, shall prosper, and practice, and shall destroy the mighty and the holy people. And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand, and he shall magnify himself in his heart—but he shall be broken.

From Daniel, Chapter 8

Written on an August Morning

BENEATH this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed mighty dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever.

They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvest of all time.
On, on, for ever.

Harriet Martineau

Fortune is Not Blind

FORTUNE has often been blamed for her blindness, but fortune is not so blind as men are. Samuel Smiles

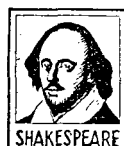
NEAR

"THE enemy are near us," someone said to Leonidas in an hour of grave peril for Greece. "And we are near the enemy," said Leonidas.

I Am Glad to Think

I AM glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do with cheerful heart
The work that God appoints.

Jean Ingelow



CARRY ON

SHAKESPEARE CALLING

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof.
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers.
And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, God for Harry, England, and Saint George.

HAST THOU CHOSEN, O AMERICA?

We face one of the great choices of History. Mr Roosevelt to U.S.A.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever twixt that darkness and that light.

HAST thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

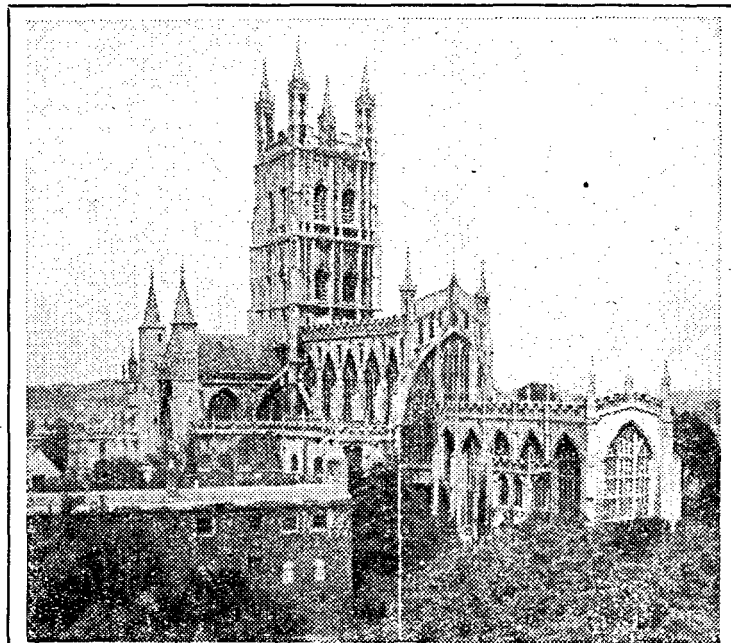
James Russell Lowell

LABOUR IS SWEET

HERE in my workshop where I toil
Till head and hands are well-nigh spent;
Out on the road where the dust and soil
Fall thick on garments worn and rent;
Or in the kitchen where I bake
The bread the little children eat,
He comes; His hand of strength I take,
And every lonely task grows sweet.

A 16th-Century Prayer

ORDE the maker of all thing
We pray Thee now in this evening
Us to defende, through Thy mercy,
From all deceit of our enemy;
Let us neither deluded be,
Good Lorde, with dream or phantasy,
Our hearte waking in Thee Thou keep,
That we in sin fall not on slepe.
The Temple Church Psalter



Gloucester's magnificent cathedral was originally the church of a Benedictine monastery. The structure is mainly Norman, although the Lady Chapel, seen on the right, is 15th-century

TEN MILLION POUNDS A DAY FOR WAR

But a Little Windfall For the Old Folk

The Democracies are done for, say the genial Dictators. It happens that we are spending now nearly ten million pounds a day on the war, yet we have found it possible, in the midst of it all, to add a little comfort to the life of our old age pensioners. Both Germany and Italy would find it difficult to do this, even if so human a problem made any appeal to them. (It does not, of course, for the Dictator state is notoriously indifferent to old folk; it has no interest in them.) Let us see what our out-of-date Democracy has done.

AUGUST 3 is a date fraught with emotion in our history, for it was the day on which Peace was broken in 1914; on August 4 began the Great War.

August 3 this year, however, will have happier associations for some 300,000 old folk, many of whom doubtless owe their present state of need to the events arising from the momentous decision in 1914.

Next Saturday will be paid by the Post Office, instead of by the Public Assistance Authorities, those supplementary payments which our old age pensioners require to supply needs not satisfied by the 10s granted in 1920 by Parliament, which thus doubled the 5s a week of Mr Asquith's Act in 1908.

At present, where the annual income of a pensioner aged 70 does not exceed £52 10s the pensioner is entitled to a weekly 10s, and it is estimated that eight in every ten of our old folk draw an old age pension from the State; there are thus some 1,250,000 altogether.

At the outbreak of the war about 275,000 found that they could not make ends meet on their pensions, so they had to apply to the Unemployment Assistance Board for what used to be known as poor relief. Many more would have done so, but pride would not let them; there has always been a stigma attached to this, partly because it was paid through the local rates, so that a pensioner felt that the burden fell upon his neighbours.

From now on, however, the State will find the additional money required, and thus transfer to the shoulders of the Exchequer some £5,250,000 from the local rates. Pensioners requiring more money

will still have to prove their need, but with this difference, that the household needs alone and not the actual incomes of those with whom the pensioner lives will be the basis on which the extra pension will be given. We give two examples to show how the new plan works.

Any pensioner living quite alone is to be considered in need when his total income (made up, say, of State pension and private earnings, or gifts, or interest from savings) is less than 19s 6d a week. If he had only the State pension his supplementary pension would be 9s 6d, and this might be increased if his rent were over 5s. Also, in calculating his private means, the first 7s 6d of an extra pension and the first 5s of any earnings will not be reckoned.

For a second example, suppose the household to consist of the pensioner, a wife not entitled to a pension, and a grown-up son or daughter who is earning 30s a week, the rent being 8s 6d. The supplementary pension in this case will probably work out at 14s a week.

The supplementary pension will also be given to all those entitled to the widow's pension, granted at 60, who are in need.

Somewhat elaborate scales have been worked out for calculating what it is fair for the State to grant, many resources of any member of the household being disregarded, such as the capital value of the house, the first £1 a week of a disability pension, and so on. All these details are set out in a pamphlet obtainable at any post office, and the local officer of the Assistance Board will explain any difficult point.

Catching an Animal by Fear

This little note comes from a kindly C.N. reader in Canada.

THE other morning, when I was out in the Laurentian Mountains near Montreal, I heard pitiful whimpers coming from a tree, and found a little racoon sitting with its head buried in one paw looking the picture of misery, while the other paw was fast in a tin.

The way trappers catch these animals, which have thick grey-brown fur and are rather like a cat,

is quite unique. They attach a tin can to a tree with nails facing inward, and fill it with bait. The racoon puts its paw inside to get the meat out, feels the prick of the nails, and so sensitive is it to pain that it is too terrified to move and will sit there motionless all night until the trapper comes!

Needless to say, I was not going to leave the little creature to its fate, but freed it and watched it bound away into the woods.

Tale of a Dartmoor Pony

THE fresh green grass of the lawn and paddock proved an irresistible temptation to Mousie, a Dartmoor pony belonging to a Northants reader, who wondered how she managed to reach these luscious pastures from her gated paddock.

The gate into the orchard was big and heavy, so Mousie used to jump over the fence, broken wood betraying her tracks.

But her appearance on the lawn was more of a mystery, until one beautiful evening when our young reader was on the watch. This is what she saw. The pony looked

carefully round to see if anybody was watching, and, evidently deciding that there would be no trouble, Mousie thrust out her nose gingerly and felt for the latch, which she pushed until she succeeded in opening the gate.

Arrived on the lawn, she paced proudly before cropping the green grass, which apparently tasted sweeter than the grass of the paddock.

But ponies on lawns are not to be allowed, and now when Mousie presses the latch she finds that it will not move.

Europe Crying For Bread

Hopes and fears for the world's bread are issued with the yearly summary of the wheat crops compiled by the central authority in the United States.

The four big wheat-exporting countries are the United States, Canada, Argentina, and Australia, and after the bumper crops of last year the position at the beginning of this year was very satisfactory. But the prospects for the coming year are less satisfactory. No longer are the granaries filled to overflowing; though the four big exporting countries have crops not much less than the average, the hard winter and cold spring have taken a heavy toll elsewhere. North China and Japan will suffer severely. In Europe the situation is worse.

Finland lost her reserves of grain. Hungary is already rationing flour. Italy is not much better off. France, with five million refugees, has seen her fields ravaged. Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Norway tell the same tale. They will feel acutely the need of the 80 million bushels they import most years from America. Spain will have a poor crop.

To sum up, Europe is threatened with bread hunger if not with famine, and Germany, which has rendered 20 million people destitute, will have to starve them to feed her own hungering people.

The Bells of a Great Victory

A good fight is being won by the right side.

It is the war against tuberculosis, that white scourge of the human race, in the fight against which was banded together a league of nations just half a century ago.

Now Dr Henry Chadwick, President of the National Tuberculosis Association in the United States, declares that tuberculosis will be wiped out by the year 2000. It diminished steadily in the first 20 years of this century and is now disappearing by one-third every ten years. By 1950 only 32 per cent of its mortality will be left; in 1960 only 21 per cent, and 14 per cent in 1970. In 1980 it will have fallen to 9 or 10 per cent of the number of deaths it caused when the century began, and the bells that ring in the year 2000 will sound the death-knell of the disease.

So will have passed a curse which has cost millions of lives, Grace Darling's among them.

Lonely Canberra

Canberra, Australia's sylvan city, is being put very much in the shade in these days, for Melbourne seems to be becoming the seat of the Federal Government, in all probability for the duration of the war.

It happens that both the Defence Department and the Post Office were never transferred from Melbourne to Canberra, although most of the other departments have been moving there since 1927. On the outbreak of war the War Cabinet met in Melbourne, and the Departments of Supply, Civil Aviation, and Information were also formed there. So the lovely new capital has been practically deserted by Ministers, much to the annoyance of its 11,000 inhabitants.

Finest Book on Norfolk

The story of Norfolk, with its towns and villages, rivers and breads, and nearly a hundred miles of coastline, was never better told than in *The King's England Norfolk*, by Arthur Mee. Space fails me . . . Suffice it to say that, of this great and wonderful county, this is the finest book ever produced.

National Newsagent

THE OIL IN THE COCONUT

LIKE the king in A. A. Milne's rhyme, we do like a bit of butter with our bread. Very well, says the Food Controller, you shall have it, but what about taking a little bit of vegetable butter (margarine) to cke it out?

So we should all become margarine eaters, and learn to like it. Not so long ago many people shied at the notion, declaring that there was nothing like butter from the cow. That was true in the early days of margarine, when it was not very enticing to the taste; but it has steadily battled its way to the front till it has become a friendly ally to the regular article.

There is far more vegetable butter than animal butter in the world, and the supply seems inexhaustible. Wherever there are coconut palms it is at hand, and, East and West, the tropical coconuts have no end.

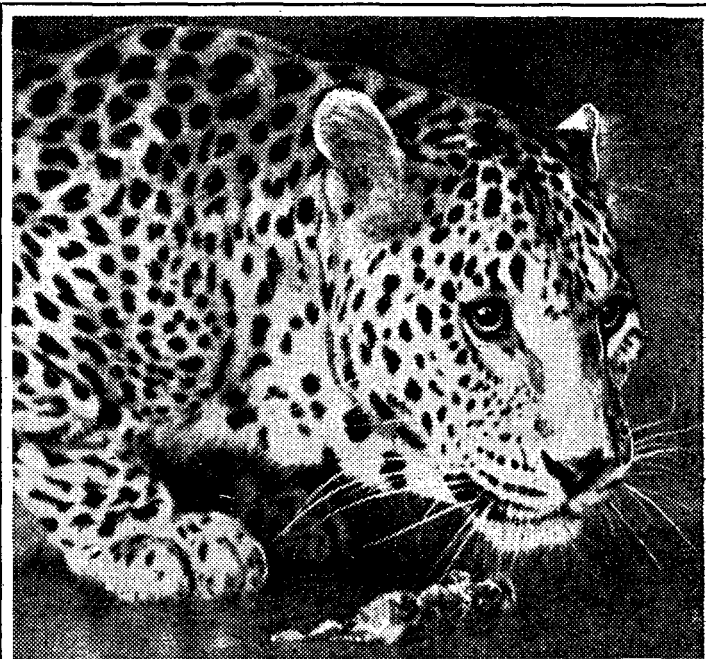
The coconut furnishes the raw material for many things besides margarine, but its first and foremost product is the oil in its white kernel. The trade name of the kernel is copra, and the ideal copra yields a clear white oil, free from fatty acid, pleasant and smooth to the taste, and having no pungent and acrid smell. The oil nearest this ideal comes from the coconuts of the Malabar Coast, but those from less favoured places have to go through processes of bleaching, deodorising, sterilising, and refining, which many years and many

inventions have made more or less perfect.

Their description belongs to the text-books of this worldwide industry, but it may be said generally that most of the oil is obtained by squeezing it out of the copra under powerful pressure. When warm the yield is greater, when cold the oil is of finer quality and better colour. This or the cold pressed oil is used for margarine. Less refined oil goes to the cows as feeding cakes, but all the oil is somehow got out. Some may fulfil the humble role of fertilisers.

In the early days of the industry the bulk of the coconut oil went to make soap and candles. Today nut butter, or margarine, or nut lard, has put the other uses in the background, and it is consumed in enormous quantities in Europe and America. France was at one time the biggest consumer of copra in the world.

The coconut has many by-products. Desiccated nut makes confectionery and biscuits. The husk of the coconut provides coir fibre, turned into rope, matting, and (combined with wool) carpets and rugs, string and nose-bags and yarn. The bark yields a gum, the shell makes beads, bowls, and ladles; the coconut is the universal provider. Lord Leverhulme once called coconuts the Consols of the East because they afforded so steady and certain a living and an income.



Mick the Leopard of the London Zoo enjoys his rations

Wonderful Facts About You

18. The Most Perfect Transport System

The nourishing part of the food we eat must reach every part of the body, even the most distant, and it is carried by the blood, the most perfect transport system in the world. It never fails, and not only the main line but the branch lines, too, have a perfect and regular service.

19. The Pump That Never Stops

The heart is the most marvellous pump in the world. A man may live a century and the pump works day and night, year after year, the whole time. Till the man dies it never stops working.

It is a double pump, and the one on the left, which has to force blood through the greater part of the body, is much stronger and more powerful than the one on the right,

which has only to drive blood through the lung capillaries.

20. The Marvellous Column

The backbone is marvellously constructed. So as to allow of bending it is made up of a whole series of bony rings. These are strong enough to protect the spinal cord running through them. Between these separate bones are elastic pads, which act like the buffers between railway coaches. They lessen the shock when a person jumps or sits or runs, and make the spinal column very springy at all times. The vertebrae are able to slide a little over one another, and the result of all this is that from the skull to the hip there are as many bending places as vertebrae, and the column, while stiff enough to keep us upright, will bend in any direction.

THE BOY AND THE AMBASSADOR

This story was told by Sir Edward Malet, who was British Ambassador in Paris when the German Army was at the city's gate seventy years ago.

THE British Embassy at Paris is a handsome old house with a court and garden. My room looked on to the court and I could see the people going in and out of the office.

The Little Visitor

One day I noticed a small boy hanging about the courtyard with no apparent object, and as the morning wore on I observed that he was still there, although a couple of hours must have elapsed since he had first attracted my attention.

I rang for the chancery servant, and inquired why the lad was there so long. The servant replied that the child wanted to see me personally, that he had been told if he had any business he must apply at the office and any of the secretaries would attend to him, but that he had refused to see anyone but me, and had said that to me alone he could confide his business; he would neither go to the chancery nor would he go away. I laughed and told the servant to bring him up to me.

The tiny chap came demurely into the room. He was very neatly dressed in a black jacket and turned-down collar, and looked about eight years old. He had a pinched face, a pale complexion, large black eyes, and a rather wistful and careworn expression. In the conversation between us he made use of the most careful and deliberate phrases, such as would come more naturally from a man than from a child.

Alone in Paris

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir, my mother and I are in great trouble. We live in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and our apartment is most dangerously situated. The shells have struck many houses in our neighbourhood, and I am very anxious to move my mother farther into the town, for I do not think it is safe for her to remain where she is."

"Are you and your mother alone?"

"Yes, sir; I take care of my mother. There are two women servants, but they are no use. They are more frightened than we are."

"But what hinders you from leaving the house? Has any restraint been put upon you?"

"No, sir; but we cannot go without paying our rent, and we have not got any money."

I had been full of sympathy and expansion toward the little fellow hitherto. I was now still full of sympathy, but somehow less expansive, and I mentally began to button up my trouser pocket.

"That (he said after a pause) was why I would not see the secretaries. Of course, they could not give me money, and I am sorry to say we want a great deal."

I fastened another button, and said, "Has your mother no friends in Paris?"

"I do not think she has, sir; we live nearly always by ourselves. I do not think she has any friends that she could ask to help her."

He was feeling in his pocket now, and pulled out a card, which he gave me. I held it in my hand without looking at it, and said, "But if I were to help you is there anyone I could write to who knows your mother, who could tell me about her?"

"No, sir, I do not know of anybody; we are always alone."

STAY PUT and STICK IT

But we could pay if the post could come."

This was a statement which might be perfectly true. There were at the time numberless cases of distress because remittances could not be sent. The bankers had all fled the city and the banks were closed, so that those who had not considerable sums by them when the troubles began were in great straits.

"How much do you want?"

He looked up at me with his wistful eyes and replied: "Five hundred francs, if you please, sir."

I fastened another button vigorously, but what was I to say? I could not argue with a mite of that age about the unreasonableness of his request.

And then, quietly, as if the whole situation were as clear to him as it was to me, he said: "Of course, sir, I feel that I am asking a very great kindness of you, but I will pay you back as soon as the post opens."

Hesitating, and hardly knowing what to say, I asked him why his mother had not come herself to ask me for the money.

"I do not think she thought of it, sir," he replied; "she does not know that I have come here."

The Card

I looked at the tiny child before me. The legend of St Christopher flashed across my mind, and I felt that I was over-weighted. The buttons had all unfastened of themselves as he spoke.

No change came over the boy as I gave him the money. He only said "Thank you, sir," and when he had left the room, in the same demure manner as he had entered it, I still saw for some seconds his two large, wistful eyes and his pinched little face.

Then I looked at the card which I still held in my hand, and read *Aline Delvano, Artiste*.

A variety of fanciful speculations built themselves in my mind upon that card, but the only one which seemed to have any fair foundation was that I had seen the last of those five hundred francs.

Time passed, and the Commune came to an end in its orgy of blood and fire. About a week after it was over, on a bright spring day, I suddenly espied my little boy in the court, standing as he had stood a month ago, waiting patiently for notice to be taken of him. I sent for him, and he came into my room as demurely as before, but his little face looked more pinched and his eyes bigger than when I first saw him.

An Anxious Time

"I am very glad to see you again," I said. "I hope your mother is well, and that she has not suffered too much through all these troubles."

"It has been a most anxious time for us," he replied. "I brought my mother down to an apartment in the Champs Elysées, where I thought she would be safe, but when the fighting began it was far worse than where we were before. We could not leave the house for three days, and we had nothing to eat."

"Yes (I said), it was very dreadful, but it is over at last."

"Yes, sir; but my mother's nerves have been greatly shattered by what she has gone through. I think it is better to take her away from Paris, and I have decided to move her to Wiesbaden. I think that rest will bring her round. I have made all the arrangements, and I shall take her away tomorrow evening."

It is difficult to describe the peculiar impression made by this tiny mite speaking in so collected and authoritative a manner about his intentions.

Five Hundred Francs

"You see, sir (he went on), it is not wonderful that she should be ill. The noise of the fighting was so dreadful, and we did not dare to look out of the window because of the people who were being killed. Only one of our rooms looked on to the back, and we had to stay in it all the while. When it was over and we were able to go out again it was really as if we had walked out of hell into heaven. I should have come to you directly, but our first letters only reached us yesterday, and then I had to go to the bank to get change."

With that he pulled out a little pocket-book and took from it five hundred-franc notes, and said: "But I have brought you the money as soon as I could, sir, and my mother and I are very much obliged to you. Good-bye, sir. Thank you very much."

And so he left me, and the curtain dropped on the only interlude during those gloomy days which I shall always recall with pleasure and wonder.

IN THE COUNTRY NOW Toadstools and Mushrooms Abound

TOADSTOOLS are now beginning to get very common, and there are few nature expeditions more interesting than a fungus hunt. The variety in colour and shape of these curious vegetable growths is legion; and it is easy, a little later in the year, to take an hour's walk and find forty or fifty kinds of toadstools if you know where to look. These range in tint through all the colours of the rainbow, and in form no two varieties are alike. The majority are more or less like an open or closed umbrella—some are like an umbrella blown inside-out.

They grow in every conceivable spot—in pasture and meadow, in field and wood, by the roadside, on old walls and dry banks.

Just now mushrooms are very much in evidence, the most familiar being the common variety, with white flesh, rosy to brown gills, and stout wide stem.

Potato fields are good places in which to look for them, and sometimes a whole field may be filled with them. Then there is the horse mushroom, the variety that usually finds its way to the London shops. The cap is more ball-shaped than that of the common mushroom. There are many other kinds, such as the tufted, the milk, the hedgehog, and so on. They are, unlike the majority of funguses, all good to eat. Extreme care should be taken to ascertain that mushrooms have been gathered for food and not, in fact, toadstools.

An interesting fungus is a variety of *Mycena* sometimes called the common cluster fungus, because it

is usually, though not always, found growing in clusters on stumps or fallen trees. It looks like those little Early Victorian sunshades that we see in old pictures.

We do not now find so many new kinds of wild flowers as we found a few weeks back, but we may look out for mugwort, globe thistle, and carline thistle. It is also worth while to go out at night to look at the water-lily. It will be found that the open blossom has closed right up, the green sepals holding all together, and the flower has sunk almost beneath the surface of the water. But no sooner is the sun above the horizon than the sepals open again and up comes the lily from its watery bed to open and float like a raft on the surface.

The honeysuckle berries are now ripe, and the fruit of the lime also, the bracts of which are falling.

Among birds that will soon cease to sing are the coal tit and the linnet. If you are fortunate enough to live in one of the districts where it is still found you may see the bearded tit, or reedling, which haunts marshy places where there is plenty of sedge. We shall miss the swifts, which are now leaving us.

Wild rabbits are about in great numbers; and it is interesting to notice that while most of them scamper away as you approach, one or two frequently crouch on the ground, trying to remain unseen.

The purple ground beetle, whose wings have long ago disappeared, is worth hunting for; and you may also find the old lady and the scalloped oak moths.

Pluto, the Black Planet

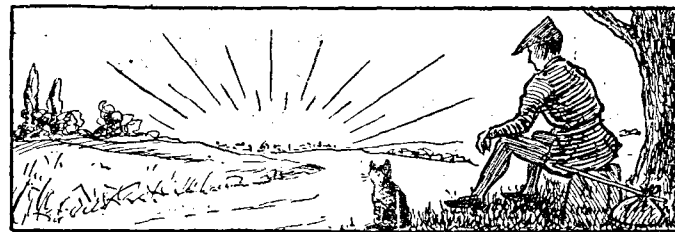
AFTER long, patient, and skilful calculation we are now told by Professor Brouwer, of Yale what Pluto, the farthest planet (and the most recently discovered) is like.

It is a bleak black ball of rock, denser, darker, heavier, but rather smaller than the Earth. The discovery has been of extraordinary difficulty, and has been arrived at by measuring the effects of the attraction of Pluto on the next nearest planet, Neptune. What has made the calculation so intricate is that Neptune, though found nearly a century ago, in 1846, is still only halfway on its journey round the Sun, so that the astronomers do not know

all that can be known about its orbit. Pluto is sometimes on one side of that orbit, sometimes on the other. It was on different sides in 1900 and in 1936. Nevertheless, the measurable effects of Pluto on Neptune's path, due to the attraction of gravity, have been computed, and from them the facts have been marked out. Some of them are that Pluto is 83 per cent of the mass of the Earth, and about the same as that of Venus.

From the light it reflects from the Sun it cannot be brown in colour, like the Moon, but must be black or dark grey, and it has next to no atmosphere.

BEDTIME CORNER



Who is the boy with the cat? Dick Whittington

What Are the Missing Words?

Twinkle, twinkle, little — ;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the — so high
Like a — in the sky.

Star, World, Diamond

A crow was sitting in a tree with a piece of cheese in its beak when a hungry fox came up and said, "Surely a bird with such lovely plumage must have a lovely voice. I wish you would sing to me." The silly crow, flattered at being asked for a song, opened its beak to caw, letting the

cheese fall within reach of the cunning fox.

It is foolish to respond to flattery.

Bible Question

Who was fed by ravens in the wilderness? Elijah

LORD be with me in the light,
Be beside me through the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what Mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Francis Turner, Palgrave

THE BRAN TUB

Evidence

MOTHER: "Jean, every time you are a naughty girl you give me a grey hair."

Jean: "Well, Mother, what a bad girl you must have been! Look at Grannie's hair!"

The Two Nines

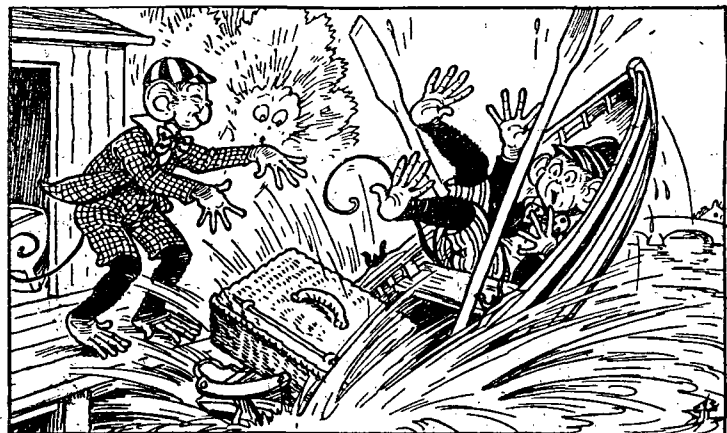
A THIRD of six behind them fix,
A third of six before;
This makes two nines when all combines
Exactly fifty-four. Answer next week.

Absurd

OUR language is full of words that have got their present meanings in the most queer and roundabout, not to say absurd, manner.

That word absurd, for example, how did we get that? Literally it means From a deaf man; and it is supposed that it comes from the queer answers a deaf person will make to questions he has misheard.

Jacko Loses His Tea



It ought to have been a lovely picnic. But the sun was hot and the wood across the river looked very tempting. And so did the little dinghy lying by the towpath! Jacko settled himself in the boat and prepared to take the oars, as Chimp threw the hamper into the back seat. The boat lurched, Jacko fell backwards off his seat—and the next minute the precious hamper was at the bottom of the river.

Why She Cried Again

LITTLE Joan was weeping despairingly. She had lost a shilling her mother had given her.

"Don't cry any more," said someone. "We can easily make up that loss; here is another shilling."

But scarcely had Joan got it than she began to cry again.

"What ever is the matter now?" she was asked.

"Well, you see, if I had not lost my first shilling I should have two now," she sobbed.

Why?

Why is the letter O* much like a horse?
At first you'll say they're not alike, of course;
But I am right, you'll find that this is so,
For in both cases "gee" will make them go!

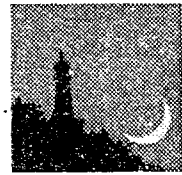
A Plaster of Paris Hint

WHEN using plaster of Paris for making a repair, try mixing it with milk instead of water. If this is done the plaster will remain in a soft, workable state for a considerably longer time.

In the end it will set well, and will be not nearly so brittle as if water had been used. A further advantage is that plaster of Paris and milk form a substance that is almost waterproof.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the late evening the planets Jupiter and Saturn are low in the east. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7.30 on Monday evening, August 5.



Speed

A MAN with a vivid imagination was boasting of the speed of some of the express trains he had ridden in. He said that he once went through a forest so quickly that it looked like one tree.



Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm

The Boasters

THREE tadpoles sat talking upon some grass
Of the wonderful things that would come to pass
When their tails were gone and they were frogs,
And could jump from the water and sit on logs.
But a jackass was watching them from a tree,
And down he flew and swallowed all three.
So instead of frogs they turned into him,
And flew into trees, and forgot how to swim.

How Hans Andersen Wrote His Name

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the great Danish storyteller, died at Copenhagen on August 4, 1875, when 70 years old. He spent all his life writing, his ambition being to become a great novelist or poet; but it is on his delightful fairy tales that his world-wide fame depends. They are known and loved all over the world.

Andersen

Do You Live at Chalk Farm?

CHALK FARM was originally Chalcot Farm, named after Chalcot mansion house, which survived till recent times. Chalcot probably means the chalk cot, a reference to some small dwelling which stood there in the old days.

A Long Job

A CERTAIN young man of Tralee Took a penknife to cut down a tree.
All the folks thought him mad,
But this artful young lad Was paid by the hour, don't you see?

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Puzzle Counties
Northumberland,
Somerset,
Westmorland,
Worcester,
Leicester,
Aberdeen,
Cheshire,
Inverness,
Midlothian,
Northampton,
Merioneth,
Durham.

S	T	A	R	T	T	A	B
I	S	L	E	Z	E	R	O
P	A	L	L	S	A	I	R
R	Y	E	O	M	A	N	
A	F	I	N	S	E		
B	R	U	I	S	E		
H	I	S	E	A	R	L	Y
O	M	E	N	R	O	S	E
R	E	D	F	L	E	E	T

A Riddle in Rhyme. Scissors.

A Hidden Verse
Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour.

Ici on Parle Français

I Don't Know

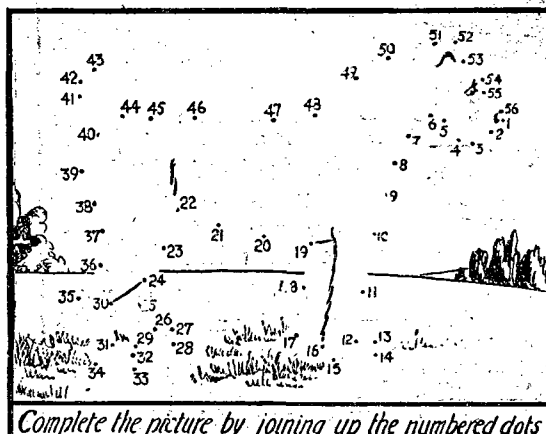
When Lord Kitchener was surveying in Palestine, as a young officer, he started one morning from a small village with a guide-interpreter. He carefully put down the name of the village which the man gave him, and they rode on to the next village. Kitchener "plotted" this, and then asked his guide the name. He gave exactly the same name as the last. However, thinking the villages formed a group, Kitchener filled it in, and moved on to a third hamlet. Presently the guide informed him that this bore the very same name.

"But," Kitchener would say when telling the tale, "that was too much of a joke, and I shouted at him; when, to my amusement, I discovered the man had merely used a word which, translated, means I don't know."

Je Ne Sais Pas

Lorsque Lord Kitchener arpentaient la Palestine, au temps où il n'était qu'un jeune officier, il partit un matin d'un petit village, accompagné d'un guide-interprète. Il inscrivit soigneusement le nom du village, fourni par son guide, et tous deux se rendirent à cheval au prochain village. Kitchener le "repéra" et en demanda le nom à son guide. Celui-ci répéta le nom qu'il avait donné précédemment. Toutefois, supposant que ces villages formaient un seul groupe, Kitchener l'inscrivit et se rendit à un troisième hameau. Le guide lui apprit que cette localité portait le même nom.

"Mais," disait Kitchener en racontant l'anecdote, "c'en était trop, et je lui parlai vertement; alors à mon grand divertissement, je découvris que l'homme avait simplement fait usage d'un mot qui, traduit, veut dire Je ne sais pas."

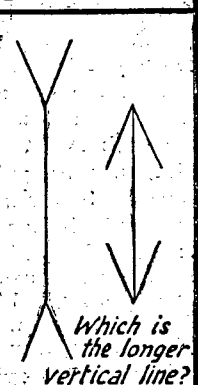


Complete the picture by joining up the numbered dots

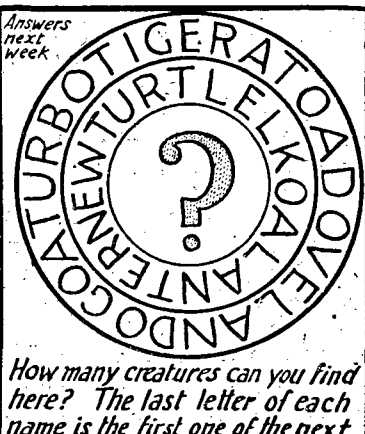
PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



What proverb does this illustrate?



Which is the longer vertical line?



How many creatures can you find here? The last letter of each name is the first one of the next.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. As a gun is just a clever machine, doesn't that level those who use it? Does it matter whether the man pulling the trigger is clever or stupid? The gun goes off just the same.

Man. The man that uses the machine matters everything. It is the man behind the gun who decides what the machine is to do. As the machines of war have grown in ingenuity, from the pike to the musket, from the rifle to the aeroplane, the human factors have not been levelled up. Far from it! The human element has remained, and will always remain, supreme.

Boy. But surely the machine counts for much?

Man. Certainly. If the human factors are equal, the cleverest gun wins; but how unequal men remain!

Boy. I understand what you mean. If a boy has the finest cricket bat in the world that does not make him a batsman?

Man. An apt illustration. A boy with a good eye and a trained sense of timing can make more runs with a broomstick than a duffer with a first-class bat.

Boy. I suppose that to use a gun well, and to be a good soldier, a man needs even more training than a boy who wishes to be a good batsman.

Man. Much more. The efficient soldier must begin with a stout heart to withstand shock, and a good cause to inspire him to do his best. He must be master of his weapon, whether it be a rifle, machine-gun, or piece of artillery. He must be disciplined to obey orders and to combine in action with his fellows. He must be physically fit in a very high degree. Observe how the human factor governs the case, how body, soul, and sense must all react in the perfect soldier. Think what varying results may be obtained by different men from similar aeroplanes!

Boy. So that it is not enough for a nation to buy arms; it must, first of all, have fine men, well-trained men?

Man. Yes, if you confine your thinking to nations at war; but let us think of all the activities of men and not of the worst of them alone. If we realise that the cleverer machines become the more is demanded of those who use them, we see clearly that in peace, given the same appliances, different nations may produce very different results. It is not enough to acquire fine inventions; it is above all necessary to use them well for a definite good purpose. When the machine masters the man the result is futility in peace and defeat in war. When the capable nation, having given its people the means of culture, pursues the arts of peace, it has the pride of knowing that the machines of civilisation are manned by men who are masters of their marvellous weapons.

"HOME CHAT" AMBULANCE

In 1914 HOME CHAT sent thousands of tins of condensed milk to the troops; in 1916 HOME CHAT readers collected the money for a Y.M.C.A. Hostel. Now the readers of that paper are collecting for a HOME CHAT Ambulance. If you have an odd sixpence or shilling or more to spare, send it along. All details appear in HOME CHAT to-day, price 3d. everywhere.